DC

VERTIGO

NO. 2
OCT 94
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SUGGESTED FOR MATURE READERS

THE INVISIBLES™

GRANT MORRISON
STEVE YEOWELL

VERTIGO RAVE

special preview

99¢

WORK ALL DAY RAVE ALLNIGHT

MORE FIRE

SHADE, THE CHANGING MAN

Animal MAN

Mr. PUNCH

THE SANDMAN

SHADOWS FALL

SANDMAN MYSTERY THEATRE

HELLBLAZER

THE INVISIBLES

PLUS AN EXCLUSIVE APPEARANCE BY THE BOOKS OF Magic

FEATURING A SAMPLING OF THE VERTIGO VOICES:

Tainted

KILL YOUR BOYFRIEND

vertigo voices

FACE

BLISS OUT AT THE VERTIGO RAVE

AVAILABLE IN SEPTEMBER! SUGGESTED FOR MATURE READERS

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YOU CAN SAY WHAT YOU LIKE.

YOU CAN SAY WHAT YOU LIKE, MY FRIENDS. YOU CAN SHOUT AND CALL ME CRAZY ALL YOU LIKE BUT IT WON'T CHANGE THE *FACTS*.

WE'RE ALL *RECEIVERS*. LIKE CHEAP RADIOS, THEY'VE TUNED US IN AND THEY'RE MAKING US PLAY *THEIR* MUSIC AND WE DON'T EVEN *KNOW* IT.

WE THINK OUR THOUGHTS ARE OUR OWN, BUT LET ME TELL YOU, THEY'RE *NOT*.

OUR THOUGHTS ARE *BROADCASTS*. WE'RE TALKING ABOUT EXTREMELY LOW FREQUENCY MAGNETIC FIELDS BLANKET-BROADCASTS BY OUR MASTERS IN THE NEW WORLD ORDER.

WE'RE TALKING ABOUT THESE *ELF* TRANSMITTERS PROGRAMMING OUR MINDS WITH CAREFULLY MODULATED WAVEFORMS.

YOU CAN SNEER AND SNIGGER ALL YOU LIKE BUT WHEN YOU WAKE UP AT THREE IN THE MORNING, ANXIOUS AND AGITATED AND WONDERING WHERE ALL THOSE HORRIBLE THOUGHTS ARE COMING FROM, MAYBE YOU WON'T FEEL SO SMART, *EH?*

THERE ARE *ELF* GENERATORS EVERYWHERE.

THEY'RE USING OUR TELEVISIONS! THEY'RE USING SATELLITES! THEY'RE USING THE MUZAK IN BARS AND SHOPPING CENTERS!

WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU HAD A THOUGHT THAT WASN'T PUT THERE BY THEM?

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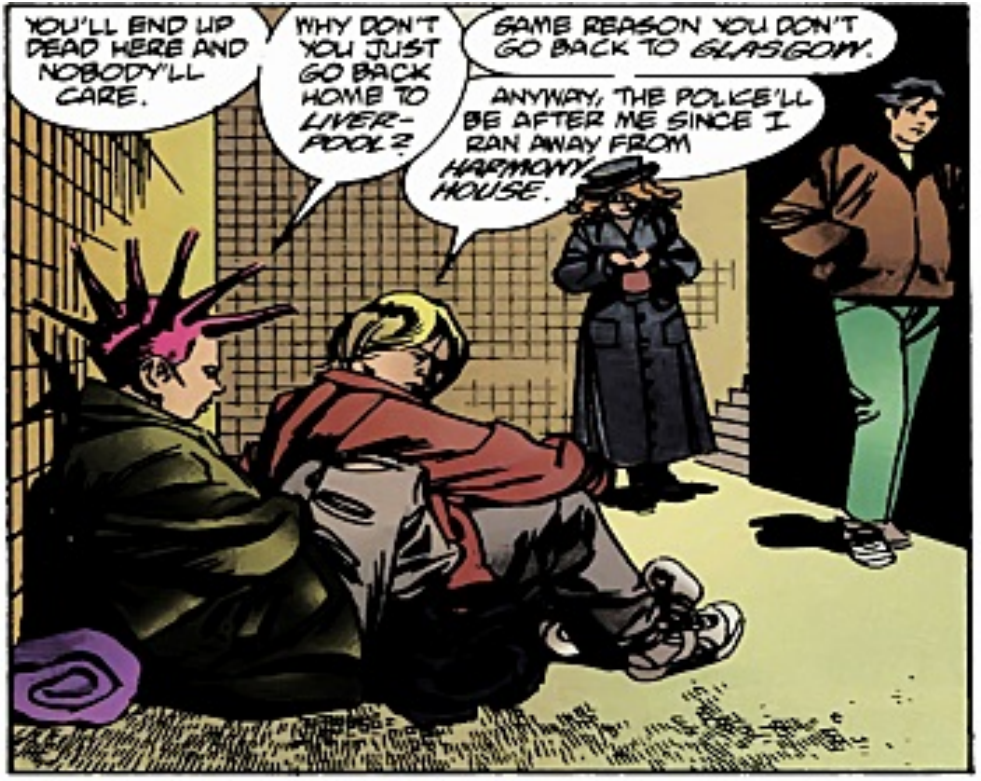
DOWN AND OUT IN HEAVEN AND HELL PART 1
GOT ANY CHANGE, MISTER?
GRANT MORRISON → WRITER
STEVE YEOWELL → ARTIST
DANIEL VOZZO → COLORS
ELECTRIC CRAYON → COLOR SEPARATIONS
CLEM ROBINS → LETTERS
JULIE ROTTENBERG → ASST. EDITOR
STUART MOORE → EDITOR
THE INVISIBLES CREATED BY GRANT MORRISON

ANY SPARE CHANGE ?
M

MENU
.70

MENU
TEA .70

YOU LOOK REALLY ILL, DANE.
YOU LOOK TERRIBLE.


YOU'LL END UP DEAD HERE AND NOBODY'LL CARE.
WHY DON'T YOU JUST GO BACK HOME TO LIVER-POOL?
SAME REASON YOU DON'T GO BACK TO GLASGOW.
ANYWAY, THE POLICE'LL BE AFTER ME SINCE I RAN AWAY FROM HARMONY HOUSE.

YOU SAID SOME GUY GOT YOU OUT OF THERE.
WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?
FUCKING BALD BASTARD. HE GAVE US ALL THIS SHIT ABOUT HOW HE WAS SOME FUCKING SECRET AGENT OR SOMETHING AND THEN HE JUST DUMPED ME HERE.

I SHOULD NEVER HAVE...
TA, MISSUS.

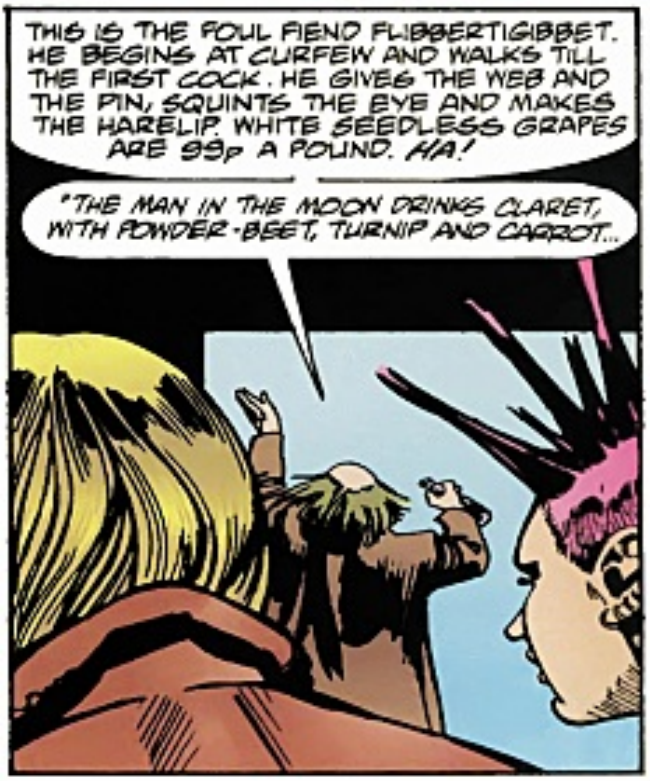
WHAT'S THAT?
POUND COIN.
SO TELL US ABOUT THIS BALD GUY...
"FORTH FROM MY FAR AND DARKSOME CELL OR FROM THE DEEP ABYSS OF HELL...

"MAD TOM IS COME TO VIEW THE WORLD AGAIN TO EASE HIS POOR DISTEMPERED BRAIN.
"PLUTO LAUGHS AND PROSERPINE IS GLAD TO SEE POOR NAKED TOM O'BEDLAM MAD..."
OH CHRIST, IT'S MAD TOM.
KID ON YOU'RE ASLEEP.

"THROUGH THE WORLD I'LL WANDER NIGHT AND DAY, TO FIND MY STRAGGLING SENSES..."
HELLO, YOUNG LOVERS! TOM'S A-COLD! O DO, DE, DO, DE, DO DE. BLESS THEE FROM WHIRLWINDS, STAR-BLASTING AND TAKING.

"POOR NAKED TOM IS VERY DRY A LITTLE DRINK FOR CHARITY..."
TAKE HEED O'TH' FOUL FIEND; OBEY THY PARENTS; KEEP THY WORDS' JUSTICE; SWEAR NOT; COMMIT NOT WITH MAN'S SWORN SPOUSE; SET NOT THY SWEET HEART ON PROUD ARRAY...
FUCK OFF, TOM.

WHO GIVES ANYTHING TO POOR TOM, WHOM THE FOUL FIEND HATH LED THROUGH FIRE AND THROUGH FLAME? YOU THING RIKE JELLYFISH PRETTY SOON NOW.
HAHAHAHAHA


THIS IS THE FOUL FIEND FLIBBERTIGIBBET. HE BEGINS AT CURFEW AND WALKS TILL THE FIRST COCK. HE GIVES THE WEB AND THE PIN, SQUINTS THE EYE AND MAKES THE HARELIP. WHITE SEEDLESS GRAPES ARE 99p A POUND. HA!
"THE MAN IN THE MOON DRINKS CLARET, WITH POWDER-BEET, TURNIP AND CARROT...

"A CUP OF OLD MALLIGO SACK WILL FIRE THE BLUSH AT HIS BACK."
WHAT'S THAT ALL ABOUT?
MAD TOM, HAVE YOU NEVER SEEN HIM?
HE'S A PAIN IN THE ARSE. BELIEVE ME, THAT'S ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW.

Planet X
BASTARDS!

OI!
YOU!

SHIT.

ADULT

WHURRF!

TAKE YOUR FUCKING HANDS OFF ME!
NOT A WORD. NOT A SOUND.
HUSH.
LEMME GO!

ALL RIGHT. OUT YOU COME.
WHERE'S THE BOY?

I SAW HIM RUN IN HERE. YOUNG LAD. HE'S SMASHED A WINDOW BACK THERE.
WHASS THAT?
A WINDOW? WAS IT GLASS, TOO?
NOBODY CAME BY HERE, SIR. I'D HAVE SEEN A BOY.

I'M JUST MINDING ME OWN BUSINESS HERE, COUNTING RAINDROPS FOR THE BOSS.
IS GLASS VERY EXPENSIVE NOWADAYS?
SWITHIN FOOTED THRICE THE WOLD A MET THE NIGHT MARE AND HER NINE FOAL.
YEAH, RIGHT.
LITTLE BASTARD MUST HAVE GOT AWAY SOMEHOW.

IF I SEE HIM, I'LL TELL HIM YOU'RE LOOKING FOR HIM, SIR.
I'LL MAKE SURE HE PAYS UP.

new
neighbors.
girl trouble.
mystical
assassins.
childhood
is hard
to give up.
"sacrifices"
the BOOKS of MAGIC™
A NEW STORY ARC FEATURING TIMOTHY HUNTER
ISSUES 6-8 • BEGINNING IN SEPTEMBER
JOHN NEY RIEBER PETER GROSS Covers by CHARLES VESS
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VERTIGO
DC COMICS

CAN'T HAVE BROKEN GLASS CUTTING GUIDE DOGS' FEET.
HOW THE FUCK DID YOU DO THAT? DID YOU HYPNOTIZE HIM OR SOMETHING?
HE WAS LOOKING RIGHT AT ME.

I MADE YOU INVISIBLE. I WAS THE ONE. IT'S MAGIC, THAT'S WHAT. THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS IS A GENTLEMAN. MODO, HE'S CALLED, AND MAHU.
HAHAHAHAHA
MAGIC?
YOU'RE A FUCKING NUTCASE.

THEN KEEP WELL AWAY, FOR MADNESS IS CATCHING.
AWAY, THE FOUL FIEND FOLLOWS ME.
WAIT!

WHY SHOULD I WAIT FOR YOU IF YOU CAN'T KEEP UP, EH?
WHAT ARE YOU SCARED OF, BOY?
I'M NOT SCARED OF NOTHING, RIGHT?
TAKE YOUR HAND OFF US!

THROUGH THE SHARP HAWTHORNE BLOW THE WINDS. HM! GO TO THY COLD BED AND WARM THEE.
OLD TOM O'BEDLAM'LL FRIGHT YOU. MAKE YOU SHIT YOUR PANTS, I WILL.
YOU'LL SEE.

PROVE IT, THEN.
SHOW US SOME MAGIC, IF YOU'RE SO GREAT. I DON'T BELIEVE YOU CAN DO MAGIC.
I CAN'T.
PILLICOCK SAT ON PILLICOCK HILL; ALOW, ALOW, LOO, LOO.

SIR! SIR, YOU'VE A KIND LOOK IN YOUR EYE.
COULD YOU GIVE US SOME MONEY? I WON'T LIE, SIR, IT'S FOR DRINK. I'M ALCOHOLIC AND MUST HAVE DRINK, THAT'S ALL.
OH, RIGHT.
SURE.

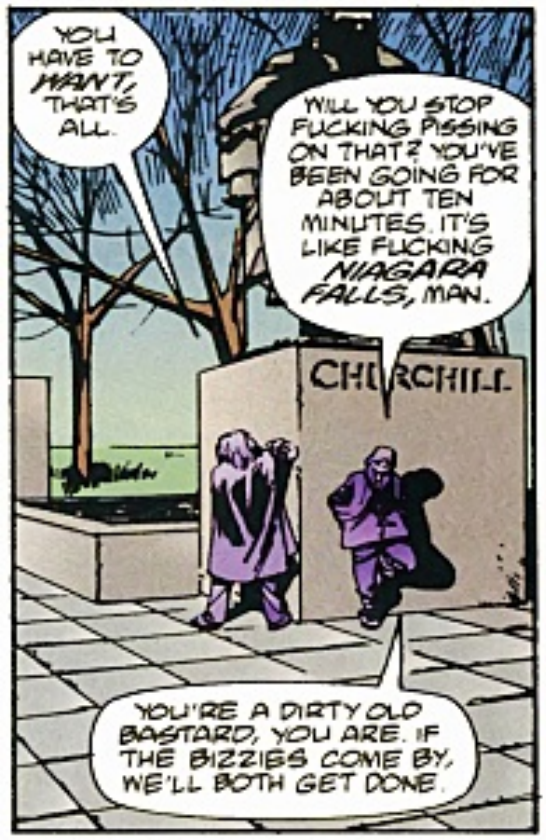
GOD BLESS YOU, SIR. ANGELS WITH UMBRELLAS KEEP RAIN FROM YOUR SACRED HEAD
TEN POUND. LOOK AT THAT. THERE'S THE QUEEN SMILING TOO

SEE, THERE'S MAGIC.
YOU WERE HUNGRY, NOW YOU'VE A NICE BAG OF FISH AND CHIPS. ALL THE WAY FROM SEA TO STOMACH.
THAT'S BULLSHIT.

THE WORLD'LL EAT YOU UP LIKE A FISH. MICE AND RATS AND SUCH SMALL DEER HAVE BEEN TOM'S FOOD FOR SEVEN LONG YEAR. YOU'LL DIE SOON, OF FEVER AND CHILLS.
STICK WITH ME, BOY. I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO STAY ALIVE IN THIS HARD AND HUNGRY WORLD

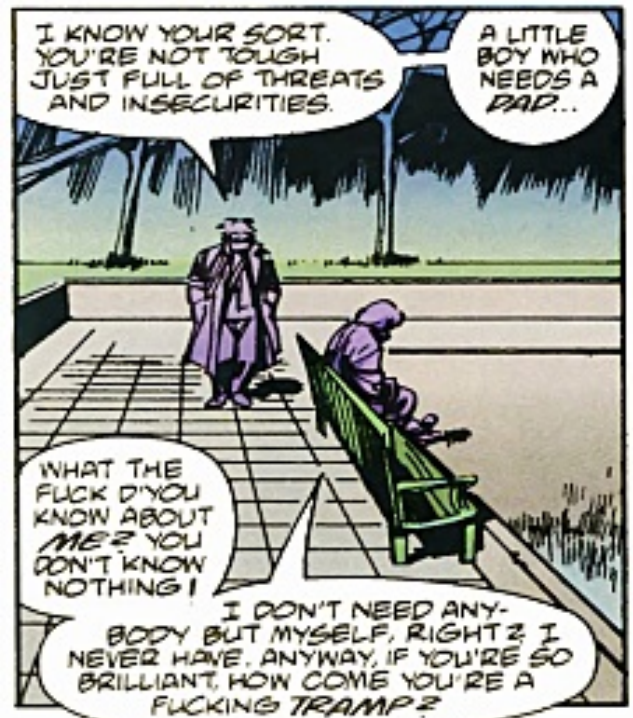
AND SEE THE RAIN'S OFF, TOO.
THAT'S ME DID THAT.
YOU'RE FUCKING DAFT, YOU ARE.

TWO LONDONS THERE ARE: THERE'S THE ONE YOU CAN SEE ALL AROUND AND THERE'S THE OTHER CITY UNDER THE SKIN OF THIS.
THE HIDDEN CITY, SUNLESS AND SILENT. IF YOU REALLY WANT TO LEARN, I'LL TAKE YOU THERE. I'LL SHOW YOU THINGS TO MAKE YOUR HAIR STAND UP AND DANCE.


YOU HAVE TO WANT, THAT'S ALL.
WILL YOU STOP FUCKING PISSING ON THAT? YOU'VE BEEN GOING FOR ABOUT TEN MINUTES. IT'S LIKE FUCKING NIAGARA FALLS, MAN.
CHURCHILL
YOU'RE A DIRTY OLD BASTARD, YOU ARE. IF THE BIZZIES COME BY, WE'LL BOTH GET DONE.

AH, I'M WATERING IT SO LITTLE WINSTONS MAY SPRING UP, SPOUTING SPEECHES.
CITIES AREN'T WHAT YOU THINK, SEE. IF YOU MAKE IT PAST THE FIRST ORDEAL, I'LL TELL YOU WHAT CITIES REALLY ARE AND WHAT THEY WANT.

YOU LOOK LIKE A BOY WHO'S BEEN TOO LONG ON HIS OWN.
AND YOU'RE NOT VERY GOOD AT BEING ON YOUR OWN, ARE YOU? SEE THE MESS YOU'RE IN.


I KNOW YOUR SORT. YOU'RE NOT TOUGH JUST FULL OF THREATS AND INSECURITIES.
A LITTLE BOY WHO NEEDS A DAD...
WHAT THE FUCK D'YOU KNOW ABOUT ME? YOU DON'T KNOW NOTHING!
I DON'T NEED ANYBODY BUT MYSELF, RIGHT? I NEVER HAVE. ANYWAY, IF YOU'RE SO BRILLIANT, HOW COME YOU'RE A FUCKING TRAMP?

HEY.
WHO'S JACK FROST, BOY?
WHAT?
I DON'T KNOW, DO I? WHY DON'T YOU JUST FUCK OFF AND LEAVE US ALONE?
I CAN SURVIVE ON MY OWN IF I HAVE TO. YOU'LL SEE.

...BUY THE BIG ISSUE. HELP THE HOMELESS.

NEW ISSUE JUST OUT TODAY.
BUY THE BIG ISSUE, MISTER? ONLY FIFTY PEE...
UH... I'VE ALREADY GOT ONE, THANKS.

BASTARDS!
THEY DON'T GIVE A FUCK ABOUT US. I'M NOT DOING THIS SHIT ANY-MORE.

TEMPER, TEMPER, GORGEOUS.
I'LL TAKE ONE IF IT WILL STOP YOUR CRYING, SWEETHEART.
HUH?
OH, RIGHT.

AND KEEP THE CHANGE, DARLING.
BUY YOUR-SELF A NICE SMILE.
TT!

I THINK SHE FANCIED YOU. SOUNDED FOREIGN TOO.
HOW MUCH WAS THAT?
FIVER.
AND IT'S NOT A "SHE," IT'S A FELLA. YOU CAN TELL, HE'S ABOUT SIX FEET TEN, MAN. LOOK AT HIS HANDS.

MAN, WOMAN. SO WHAT?
I FUCKING HATE POOFS.
THAT ONE JUST GAVE US A FIVER.

OWW!
STUPID BITCH.
THEY'RE COMING ...RUN...

YOU HEAR THAT?
YEAH, IT'S A TRUMPET. BIG FUCKING DEAL. LOOK AT ALL THIS STUFF EVERYWHERE...

LEAVE THE MAGAZINES. MOVE.
THEY'RE COMING. WE HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE.
CHECK THOSE PEOPLE DRESSED UP...

MOVE!

UFF
SHIT!

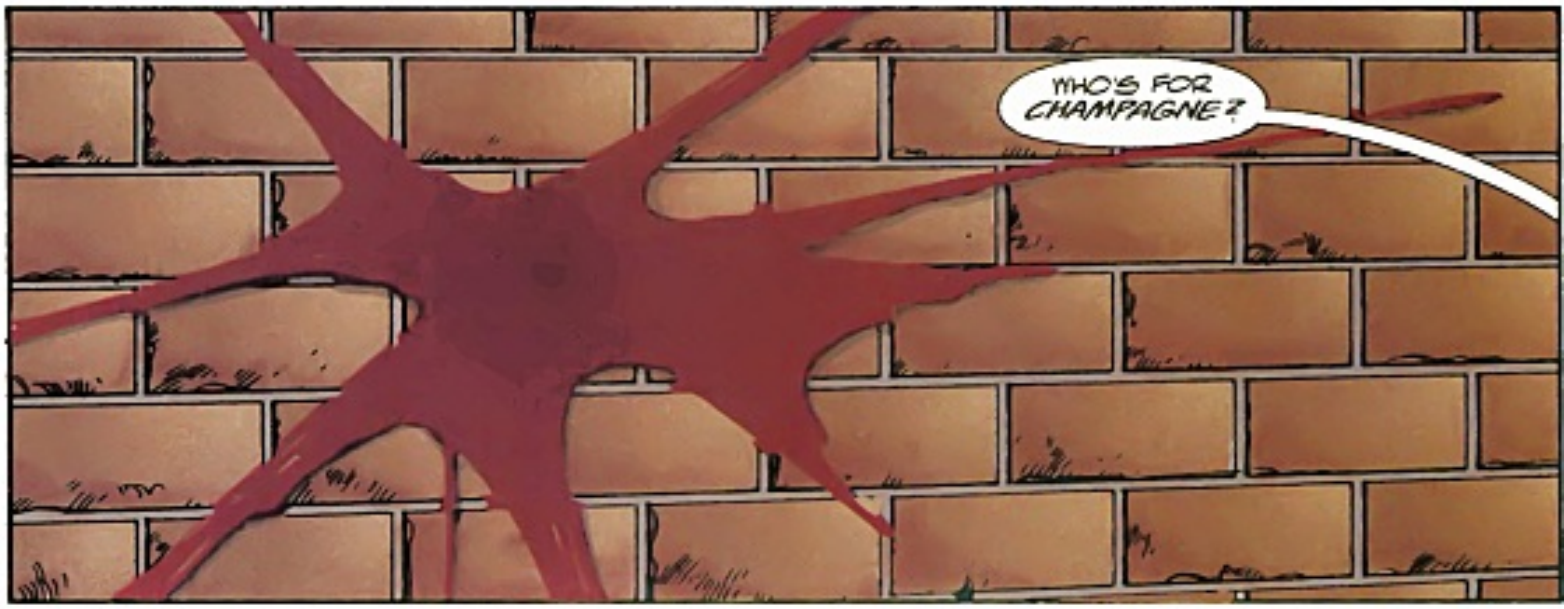
OH SHIT.
OH NO.

NO.
PRIVATE

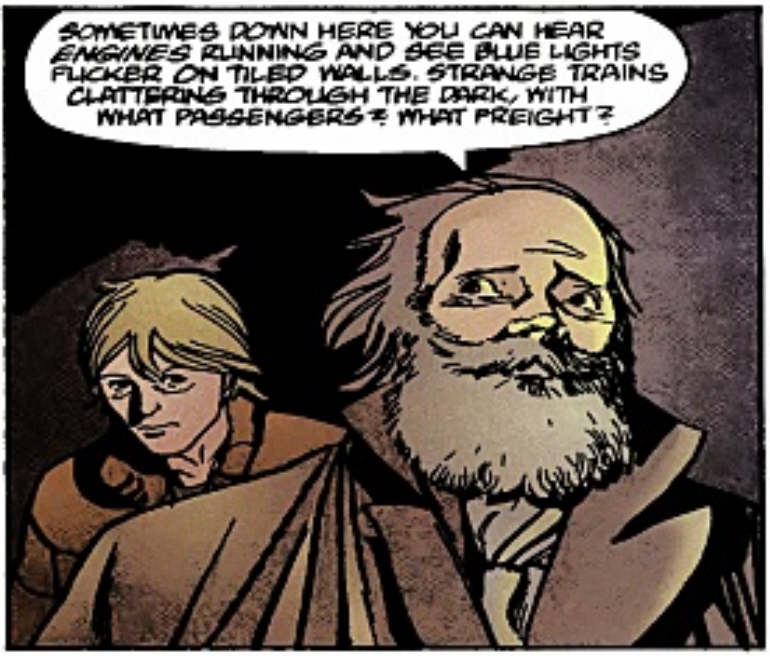
OPEN, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE, PLEASE OPEN. SOMEBODY HELP ME.
PLEASE.

WELL, YOU'VE LED US A MERRY DANCE, HAVEN'T YOU, YOU LITTLE VIXEN?
THRILL OF THE CHASE, WHAT?

OH NO, PLEASE, DON'T...
FINISH IT.
AND CUT OFF THE BREASTS TO BLOOD THE CHILDREN.


WHO'S FOR CHAMPAGNE?

BY, THIS IS AMAZING!
THIS IS THE BURIED LONDON, BOY. THE CITY'S DARK TWIN I TOLD YOU ABOUT.
OUR DESTINATION'S REACHED BY SECRET PROCESSIONAL WAYS; OBSOLETE SUBWAY TUNNELS, THE CELLARS OF LONG-DEMOLISHED BUILDINGS, LOST STATIONS AND STAIRWAYS.


SOMETIMES DOWN HERE YOU CAN HEAR ENGINES RUNNING AND SEE BLUE LIGHTS FLICKER ON TILED WALLS. STRANGE TRAINS CLATTERING THROUGH THE DARK, WITH WHAT PASSENGERS? WHAT FREIGHT?

LIKE GHOSTS, YOU MEAN? SO WHAT ARE WE DOING DOWN HERE?
YOU BETTER NOT FUCKING LEAVE ME HERE.
IT'S A PLACE OF INITIATION. WE'VE ALWAYS HAD OUR CAVES AND DEEP PLACES, LABYRINTHS AND MAZES.
THEY SAY THE ROAD TO HEAVEN RUNS THROUGH THE DEPTHS OF HELL.

IT'S FUCKING GREAT, MAN.
LOOK AT ALL THE OLD POSTERS AND STUFF. THIS MUST GO BACK TO VICTORIAN TIMES OR SOMETHING.

WHAT'S THAT THERE?
AH, SOMEBODY'S BEEN DOWN HERE BEFORE US. THAT'S CRAP.
GUARDIAN OF THIS SHRINE, TOTEM AND PROTECTOR.
THIS IS WHERE WE ALL COME WHEN IT'S OUR TIME.

AND THIS HERE'S WHAT WE'VE COME *FOR*; THE BLUE MOLD GROWS HERE. SMOKED, IT BRINGS VISIONS AND OPENS DOORS TO *OTHER* LONDONS...

WHAT'S THAT?

CAN YOU GET WRECKED ON IT?

...WHY DON'T WE JUST *LIVE* DOWN HERE? IT'S WARM, ISN'T IT? IT'S DRY. NOBODY'S GONNA BOTHER YOU DOWN HERE, ARE THEY?

CAN'T LIVE HERE. THIS IS *SACRED* GROUND. IT BELONGS TO...OTHERS. HALFWAY POINT BETWEEN THE WORLD ABOVE AND THE MYSTERY BELOW.

ONCE LONDON WAS *LUAN-DUN*, CITY OF THE MOON.

THE MOON'S A DOOR, THEY SAY. GATEWAY OF RESURRECTION, THRESHOLD OF LIFE, THRESHOLD OF DEATH.

HERE.

ONE DAY MAYBE YOU'LL COME BACK HERE AND GO DOWN INTO *THAT* TUNNEL, FOLLOW IT DOWN TILL YOU SEE THE STRANGE LIGHTS OF THE *SPIRES*...

SO WHAT'S THIS STUFF LIKE? IT SMELLS A BIT FUNNY, LIKE PERFUME OR SOMETHING.

I HAVEN'T HAD ANY PUFF FOR AGES, MAN.

SMOKE.

WATCH.

WAIT.

I'M GETTING TRAILS.
THIS IS ALL RIGHT, THIS.

IT'S STRONG, ISN'T IT?
LOOK AT THAT.
IT'S ONLY JUST BEGINNING.
HOW DOES IT FEEL?

SHIT.
EVERYTHING'S SPEEDING UP.
BREAKING.

BARBELITH

WAS THIS HERE BEFORE?
PAINT'S STILL WET.

STARTING TO FEEL

REALLY WEIRD

NOW

STOP.

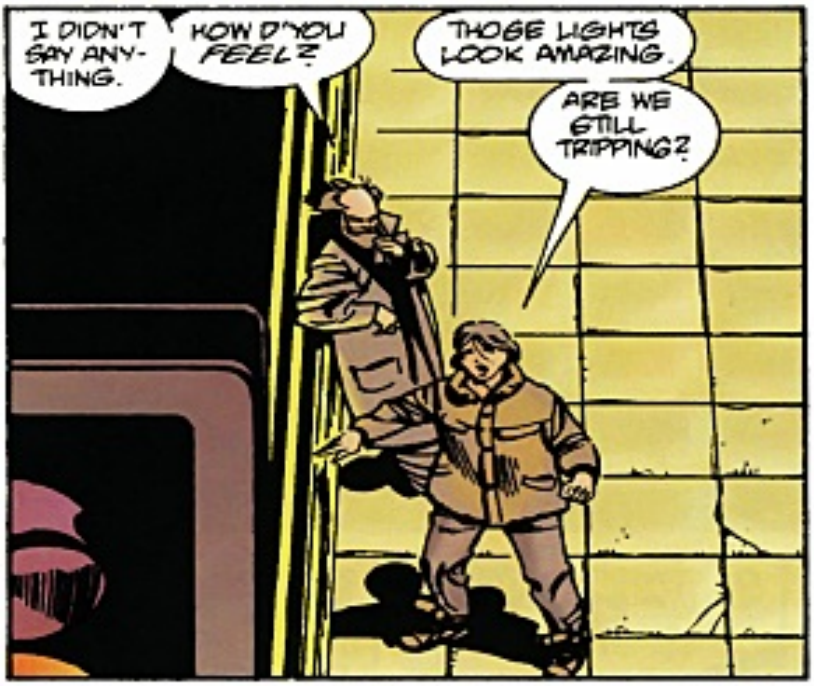
TOM?

ARE YOU THERE?

WAIT.

GO.

WHAT?


I DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING.
HOW D'YOU FEEL?
THOSE LIGHTS LOOK AMAZING.
ARE WE STILL TRIPPING?

HOW DID WE GET OUT HERE?
WHERE THE FUCK ARE WE? THIS IS LONDON, ISN'T IT?
I CAN'T REMEMBER A FUCKING THING. THAT WAS SO WEIRD.

SOMETHING'S NOT RIGHT ABOUT THIS. IT DOESN'T EVEN SMELL RIGHT.
WHERE DID THOSE AIRSHIP THINGS COME FROM?
THIS IS THEIR CITY. THEY WATCH OVER IT.
THEY'RE ANGELS, SEE?

YOU'RE MORE FUCKED-UP THAN ME. WHAT'S AN OLD MAN LIKE YOU TAKING DRUGS FOR, ANYWAY?
SHIT, WHERE'D THIS SCAR ON MY HEAD COME FROM? I MUST HAVE BUMPED IT DOWN THERE...

NOW WHERE ARE WE GOING?
NOWHERE IN PARTICULAR.
THE PARIS SITUATIONISTS USED TO CALL THIS SORT OF THING A DÉRIVE--DRIFTING AIMLESSLY THROUGH THE CITY, MAKING IT NEW AND STRANGE. THE STREET OF LITTLE GIRLS, SUN STREET, THE OCEAN BAR AND THE SQUARE OF THE APPALLING MOBILE.

PEOPLE LOOK AT US AND SEE THE POOR AND THE MAD, BUT THEY'RE LOOKING AT US THROUGH THE BARS OF THEIR CAGES.
THERE'S A PALACE IN YOUR HEAD, BOY. LEARN TO LIVE IN IT ALWAYS.
I'VE JUST REALIZED BIG BEN'S THE WRONG WAY ROUND.

WHAT THE FUCK'S GOING ON?
I WANT TO GET BACK TO NORMAL.

THERE'S NO GOING BACK. WE'VE UNPICKED THE THREAD OF THE WORLD.
LOOK THERE! "URIZEN, DEADLY BLACK, IN CHAINS BOUND."
BUT WHAT ABOUT THE REAL WORLD?

YOU DON'T THINK THIS WORLD IS ANY LESS REAL THAN THE ONE YOU LEFT, DO YOU?
EVERYTHING THAT EVER HAPPENED TO YOU IS REAL, EVEN YOUR DREAMS. THEM, MOST OF ALL.

THERE ARE MANY WORLDS, MANY CITIES, AND ALL OF THEM ARE JUST SHOCK-WAVES SPREADING OUT FROM ONE SINGLE MOMENT OF CLARITY AND UNDERSTANDING.
RIPPLES.

IN MEMORIAM

PHIL JIMENEZ

NEAL POZNER
1955-1994

Neal Pozner was DC's answer to a troubling editorial time paradox. Talent is the fuel that powers the vast comic book engine, with new talent a necessity to keep the ever growing machine running. The paradox comes into play when overworked editors, engaged in the day-to-day rush of putting out their books, are seldom able to find the time to sort through the literal mountains of submissions that regularly come their way. That's where Neal came in. As DC's Group Editor of Creative Services, part of Neal's job was to see that the submissions of creative hopefuls were attended to, that those with the spark of talent to make the grade were nurtured and encouraged, that those ready for the printed page were found assignments. Neal did that part of his job with relish, relieving some of the pressure on overworked editors and, in the process, helping a long and distinguished list of talent find their way from being hopeful amateurs to working professionals.

JIM BALENT

Neal died on June 21, 1994 of AIDS-related illnesses. Neal's death is a tragic loss for his family, for his friends and co-workers at DC, and for the creative community at large. We could go on at length about his accomplishments and credits as a comics fan, an art director and designer, and on staff at DC, but what matters most was his love for comics and his dedication to quality, the creative ideal, and the improved treatment of comics creators. Neal cared, genuinely and deeply, because he was first, last, and always, a comic book *fan*, and anything that made the medium he loved better to read and a better place to work was, to him, something worth fighting for.

We can think of no more fitting memorial to Neal than to try, each of us in our own way, to continue fighting that good fight.

TRAVIS CHAREST/SCOTT HANNA

HOWARD PORTER

In tribute, we think it is only fitting to remind you, and ourselves, of just some of the many talented people who are at work in comics today because of Neal Pozner's efforts.

TRAVIS CHAREST
PHIL JIMENEZ
HOWARD PORTER
NICK GNAZZO
IVAN VELEZ
STEVEN HARRIS
PATRICK ROLO
GENE HA
SCOTT LEE
CARY NORD
KIKI CHANSAMONE
EDDIE BERGANZA
RUBEN DIAZ
SCOTT PETERSON
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JOHN DELL
BUZZ SETZER

STUART IMMONEN

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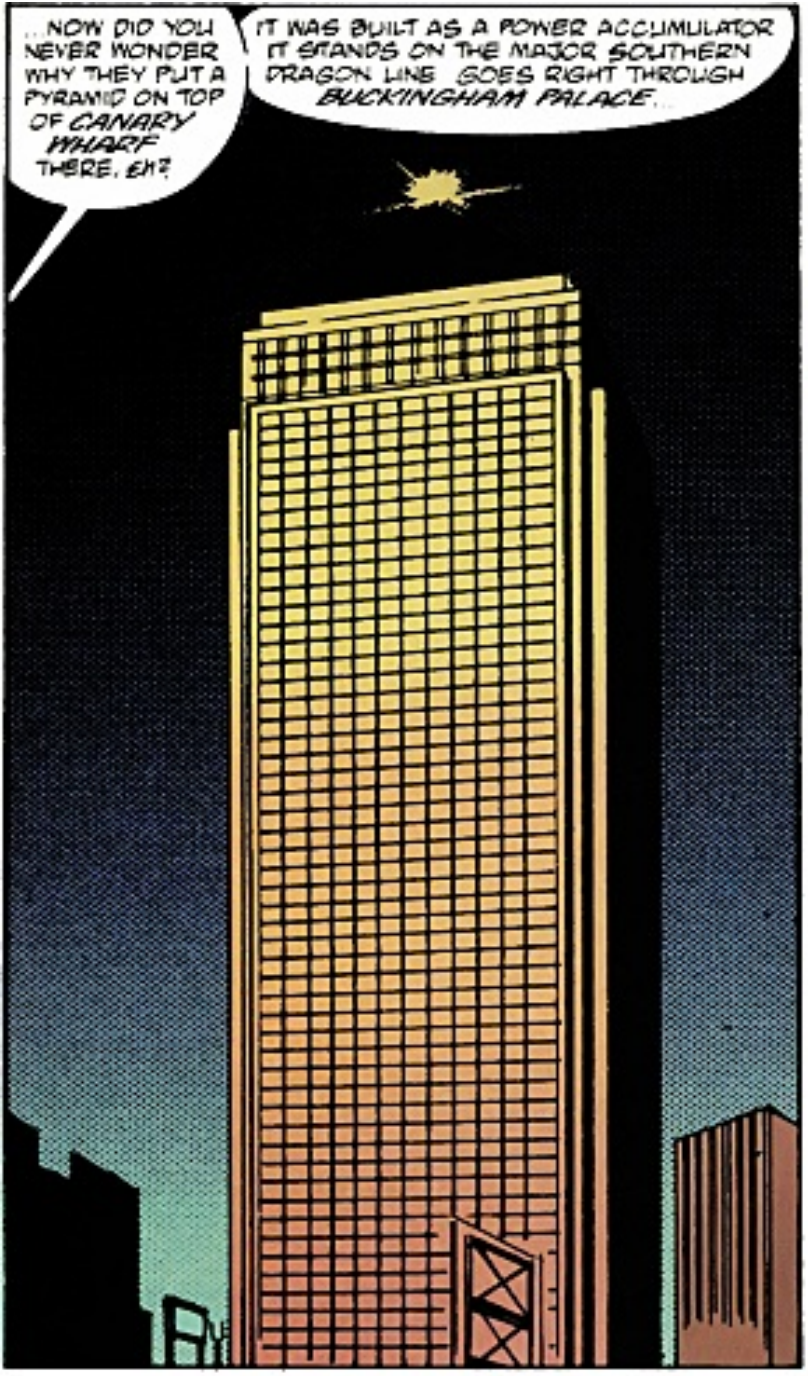
...NOW DID YOU NEVER WONDER WHY THEY PUT A PYRAMID ON TOP OF CANARY WHARF THERE, EH?
IT WAS BUILT AS A POWER ACCUMULATOR IT STANDS ON THE MAJOR SOUTHERN DRAGON LINE GOES RIGHT THROUGH BUCKINGHAM PALACE...

GIVE IT A REST, WILL YOU? I FEEL TOTALLY FUCKED AND I CAN'T UNDERSTAND A WORD YOU'RE SAYING. CAN'T YOU EXPLAIN IT BETTER?
SOME MAGIC IS STRONGER THAN MINE. IT'S OLD AND SICK BUT STRONG STILL.
THAT'S WHY WE HAD TO RUN AWAY. THAT POOR GIRL. THEY HUNT US, YOU KNOW. BETTER SPORT THAN LITTLE FOXES.

CHRIST.
YOU SHOULD LOOK AT THE STARS, BOY.
YOU NEVER SEE THE STARS IN LONDON. IT'S TOO BRIGHT.

YOU'RE JUST A SAD OLD FUCKER, AREN'T YOU?
MAYBE YOU KNEW THINGS ONCE BUT YOU JUST TALK SHITE. I'M TIRED.

THAT'S RIGHT.
SAD OLD FUCKER.

LOOK AT THE STARS!

"LAST NIGHT I HEARD THE DOG STAR BARK MARS MET VENUS IN THE DARK..."

HAHAHAHA

FUCK.

NO WAY, MAN.

IT'S A POWER CUT. IT'S JUST A COINCIDENCE.

YOU'RE RIGHT.

AND THIS, TOO.

COINCIDENCE.

DID YOU REALLY DO THAT?

YOU GOTTA SHOW US HOW TO DO THAT.

SO YOU STILL WANT TO BE INVISIBLE THEN?

IS THAT WHAT YOU REALLY WANT?

ARE YOU READY TO SIGN ON THE DOTTED LINE?

INVISIBLE? YEAH.

I SUPPOSE SO.

THEN IT'S A DEAL.

CHILD ROLAND TO THE DARK TOWER CAME, HIS WORD WAS STILL "FIE, FO AND FUM; I SMELL THE BLOOD OF A BRITISH MAN."

In 1938, between Fifth Avenue
and Central Park West...

...the grass was not as green
as you might think.

MATT WAGNER
STEVEN T. SEAGLE
BOLTON • ROSS
LLOYD • DAVIS
PRATT
SNEJBJERG
ORMSTON
GAUDIANO

AVAILABLE IN AUGUST

VERTIGO
DC COMICS
Suggested for Mature Readers

SANDMAN MYSTERY THEATRE
ANNUAL Nº 1

It's no walk in the park.

OMMM

SHIT.
TOM?

TOM?

IS THAT...

...YOU?
TALLY HO, EH?

WELL THEN, DON'T JUST STAND THERE.
RUN.
CONTINUED

Invisible Ink

"Ladies and gentlemen, by overwhelming demand, we start with everyone's favorite...Chocolate Sandwich"

OH BUDDHA! UP YOURS!

Writing this month's space filler on the roof garden of the Hotel Vajra in Kathmandu, looking up towards the great Buddhist *stupa* of Shwyambunath. The sun's going down in a big watercolor wash of pale bronze and old ivory and there's nothing to do but fill up my notebook with whatever comes to mind. This hotel is built on the old execution ground, west of the Bishnumati River, and they say that hungry ghosts still prowl the polluted riverbanks, spooking the pigs which root around in fuming heaps of garbage and frightening the people who construct makeshift shanties and live on refuse. This is cursed ground but I haven't seen anything more scary than a half-naked kid squatting in a puddle of infected water to play with the corpse of a huge black rat.

Me and my pal Ulric went walking through the choked streets, past *sindur*-daubed shrines to Hindu and Tibetan gods, through narrow alleys with reeking open sewers and flowery statues, past the bitter, drifting smoke of the funeral ghats, through the endless clatter of auto-rickshaws and sputtering cars and painted buses. Everywhere, the centuries-old smell of piss and spice and sun-baked dust, soaked into the timbers of the crumbling houses. By the time we reached Durbar Square, the mediaeval heart of Kathmandu, we were dead on our feet; the thin, sick whining of a carbon monoxide hangover and the relentless tide of crippled beggars and touts becoming more than just culture shock, becoming instead a kind of cultural electroconvulsive therapy. It was such a relief to finally make it back to the hotel, armed with a chunk of Afghani hashish, and to just lie down, crash out and try to make sense of the pandemonium.

Now, golden clouds are piling up like the towering heads of bewigged Louis Quatorze aristos, massing for a ball in the presence of the old Sun King himself. Dogs bark without stopping, all over town. The goats down below in the scrubby, balding patch of ground that passes for a meadow are muttering and moaning, probably well aware that every Tuesday and Saturday they're ritually sacrificed to the Dark Mother.

'*Vive l'Anarchie!*' screams the goat as the grinning devotees of Kali slit his throat and empty his blood into a stone bowl.

There are four hundred or so steps leading up to Shwyambunath and, apparently, if you climb them all without stopping once, you're guaranteed enlightenment in this life. Well, I'll try anything once if it promises the fast lane route to illumination, and four hundred steps, even at altitude and in the heat, turned out to be a lot easier than it sounds. We practically ran up the stairs, with only a slight shortness of breath to show for it when we finally reached the top. Now where's my enlightenment?

Up there, under the painted eyes of Buddha, there is the smell of charcoal and sewage and candlesmoke. Threadbare dogs and ducks fight with families of monkeys for scraps of rotten food. Traders have set up stalls, selling postcards and religious knickknacks and it's almost too obvious a collision of the sacred and profane to even merit comment.

We took some photographs and left. An ancient withered monk in faded saffron looked at me, then smiled. It was like getting a grin from the alien at the end of *Close Encounters*.

Another night at the Blue Note beatnik bar in Thamel. Ulric and I, infamous libertines, are full committed to drinking ourselves mad. Later, he lights a candle and props it up against the telephone in the room we're sharing. We drift off for a while, deep in reverie, and the phone catches fire and begins to melt. It looks like a painting by Salvador Dali. We both have diarrhea.

And I'm writing this, bit by bit, line by line, and also coming up with ideas for THE INVISIBLES (Just worked out most of issue 11, which features the Haitian *houngan* Jim Crow. The longer story arcs for this series, I ought to explain, will feature the five principal characters, while one-offs and two-parters can and will be about anything and anyone vaguely related to the large-scale Invisibles concept), and reading "The Shaman's Body" by Arnold Mindell, which suggests that we ought to listen more to what our bodies are trying to tell us about our psychological health. I'm listening and my body is saying, "Please, in the name of Buddha, find somewhere to lie down!" People are cheering offstage; the Kathmandu soccer team are playing Bhaktapur on the wasteground below and a goal has been scored.

Imagine the cheering getting louder and louder warping into white noise then nothing then back down into the sound of an orchestra tuning up, fading into the distance and birdsong and barking cars. In between the last paragraph and this one, I had one of the most profound and fascinating "spiritual" experiences of my life. Whether or not the structure of the Universe and the meaning of Life and Death were actually explained to me over the past few hours by higher dimensional entities made of liquid chrome remains open to question but I now know exactly what THE INVISIBLES is all about and how it will end. Nobody ever believes me when I tell 'em that the so-called "weirdest" bits of my comics are actually the most autobiographical. And, of course, the strangest imaginings, by some wonderful alchemy, can be so easily transformed into dollars which then pay the electricity bill and buy food. Like Dane McGowan, in this month's story, some of you may begin to see exactly what "magic" is and how it works.

Needless to say, I've still got diarrhea though.

GREE-TINGS! GRRRRRREEEE-TINGS!

This issue introduces Sean Phillips as regular cover artist. I don't know Sean well enough to tell lies about him. You may have seen his brilliant cover work on the late, lamented KID ETERNITY series, which he also drew. He's done loads of stuff in Britain and is carving out a niche for himself in America with projects like the above-mentioned K.E., THE HEART OF THE BEAST and the new Eddie Campbell-scripted incarnation of HELLBLAZER. He may even do some interior work for THE INVISIBLES if I can convince him...Christ! I know this is boring but, like I say, if I describe him as a club-footed sex offender or a notorious transvestite assassin he'll probably take me to court.

And while we're here, it's only fair that the other stalwarts of Team Invisibles are introduced but I barely know any of them and must leave this section to Stuart or Julie...

Hi — Stuart here — we're approaching the bottom of the page, so I'll make this quick. Daniel Vozzo is one of the finest colorists on planet Earth; his work can also be seen in SANDMAN and SHADE, THE CHANGING MAN, as well as in old, yellowing copies of KID ETERNITY, WITCHCRAFT, and many other top-quality comics. Electric Crayon is a couple of guys — Marc Siry and Steve Buccellato — who are just beginning to set the world on multicolored fire; look for their color separation work in several new DC books in the months to come. And Clem Robins is a terrific letterer whose recent credits include BLACK ORCHID, HELLBLAZER, VAMPS, KID ETERNITY, and (just for variety) JUSTICE LEAGUE AMERICA. I think that's it, so close your eyes now and return with Grant to the magical land of Kathmandu....

I'm too exhausted to write anymore. I've been mugged by ET and his pals and fain would lie doon. I leave you with a plea: for God's sake, keep those letters coming or I'm going to have to do this every issue.

NEXT MONTH: The shit hits the fan, the fan hits the rotor blades and the helicopter hits the oil tanker. Dane McGowan's life takes another turn for the unusual as he learns where cities come from, finds out what it's like to fly and faces the uncanny terror of the Blank Badge. Be here, be there, be anywhere but buy, buy, buy THE INVISIBLES #3!

Grant Morrison,
Nepal, May 1994

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SEAN PHILLIPS

LOGO DESIGN:
RIAN HUGHES

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ON THE LEDGE

WITH STEVEN T. SEAGLE

Since the big quake out here in L.A., I've been having a lot of waking dreams about the "earth move under my feet, sky tumblin' down," and other things Peggy Lee used to sing about. I find this disturbing since earthquakes never bothered me as a child. But my desk rests below three monolithic black bookcases, so I've started devoting some time to deciding on a pose I can strike if another big one sends them toppling over on me. After all, I'll want to look my best weeks later when the rescue crews finally dig me out. But (as always) my daydreams are interrupted by the phone—

It's my father. He retired last month so he has more time to think now. He says, "Hey, I just finished reading that SANDMAN MYSTERY THEATRE you wrote. You were always such a nice kid. Where'd *this* come from?" I'm tempted to just blame it all on my co-writer Matt Wagner. "It's like this, Pops. Matt lives in Portland, and because there are so many espresso shops up there he's got this caffeination imbalance in his bloodstream that causes—" But no.

See, I know why I'm VERTIGO.

I take dad on a little trip down memory lane...

"Remember when I was four you were in the Air Force stationed at a secret base in Tahkli, Thailand? You didn't tell us it was secret, and when mom tried to call you she was told there was no base in Tahkli. Mom couldn't find you so Dave (my brother) told me you were dead, which I believed. Then you came back.

"And remember when I was five and fell on the rocks outside of our house, cutting a big gash in my forehead? They had to shave one of my eyebrows and put in tons of stitches. I was an American Freak long before it was fashionable (I *still* have the scar).

"And remember when I was six and those two men in a dark car with bandannas over their faces tried to force us off the road and rob us in the middle of the Smoky Mountains?"

"And remember the motel we stayed at in San Antonio when I was seven? We checked in at 2:30 a.m., and the first thing mom noticed was the crawl space entrance in the bathroom. 'Someone could sneak in here in the middle of the night and kill us,' she said. You barricaded the bathroom door. Then she saw the adjoining room connector. 'You know, that opens from the other side. Someone could walk right in and kill us while we sleep,' she said. You pushed the dresser in front of the door. Then she saw the throw rugs on the carpet. 'Why would anyone put *throw rugs on carpet?*' she asked. You lifted up the throw rugs to prove there was nothing sinister afoot only to find a pool of fresh blood. (We checked out.)

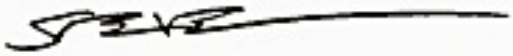
"And remember when I was eight and you were ushered away by Secret Service men who thought you were Nixon and—"

"Okay, I get the point,' my dad said, 'Your mom's here. You want to talk to her?'"

I was petrified. If my dad thought SANDMAN MYSTERY THEATRE was *troubling*, what would *mom* think?

"I liked it a *lot*," she said.

I guess I know which side of the family VERTIGO runs in. Earthquake tremors aside, I slept well that night, though I'm not so sure if dad's slept *since*. Maybe I should give him a call...



Steven T. Seagle

AVAILABLE AUGUST '94

SANDMAN MYSTERY THEATRE ANNUAL #1

Central Park is the setting for a series of sinister crimes involving a mysterious mugger who bears a striking resemblance to the Golden Age Sandman. Written by Matt Wagner and Steven T. Seagle and featuring a host of comics' finest including Alex Ross, John Bolton, David Lloyd, George Pratt, Guy Davis and others.

THE SANDMAN: A GALLERY OF DREAMS

Exceptional executions of Morpheus, the Dream King, by Moebius, Mike Mignola, Matt Wagner, Jeff Smith, Jamie Hewlett, and others. Wraparound cover by Dave McKean.

JONAH HEX: TWO-GUN MOJO
TRADE PAPERBACK

Collecting the award-winning miniseries, this volume re-presents the tale of the hideously scarred Hex and his struggle against a murderous travelling freak show. By Joe R. Lansdale, Sam Glanzman and Timothy Truman.

ARABIAN NIGHTS SANDMAN STATUE

Imbued with metallic detailing and complete with a genuine Austrian crystal, this exquisite figure of the Sandman is sculpted by Randy Bowen from a design by P. Craig Russell (THE SANDMAN #50).

DEATH TATTOO

More than mortal flesh can wear. Four-color design by Chris Bachalo.

BLACK ORCHID #14

In England, Black Orchid encounters a formidable foe who ensnares her with a powerful "glamour" spell. By Dick Foreman, Rebecca Guay and Stan Woch.

SANDMAN MYSTERY THEATRE #19

After a close call with The Scorpion, the Golden Age Sandman begins to decipher the truth behind his adversary's bloody trail. Meanwhile, Dian continues with her own deductions. By Matt Wagner, Steven T. Seagle and Guy Davis.

SHADE, THE CHANGING MAN #52

As Shade confronts a murderer with fatal plans for his homeland, Meta, Lenny tries to track down Shade and Kathy's newly adopted baby. By Peter Milligan and Sean Phillips.

HELLBLAZER #82

London's burning, most of his friends are dead, and an old flame returns. Can Constantine comfortably unravel the existing chaos before he comes face to face with the devil? By Garth Ennis and Steve Dillon.

MOONSHADOW #2

Ousted from the only home he's ever known—the Zoo—Moonshadow, Sunflower and the ever abrasive Ira embark on a voyage into the cosmos. But the first breath of freedom may prove to be the last for one of them. By J. M. DeMatteis and Jon J Muth.

VAMPS #3 (OF 6)

The Vamps thunder into Vegas—a veritable reservoir for a pack of vampire bikers. Upon their arrival, Howler takes another step closer to facing the agonies of her past. By Elaine Lee and William Simpson.

ANIMAL MAN #76

As the Life-Power Church encounters a variety of obstacles on its cross-country exodus, Annie appears to be pregnant—and Animal Man may be responsible. By Jamie Delano and Steve Pugh.

SWAMP THING #147

While Swamp Thing faces big-game hunter Nelson Strong, El Señor Blake and the mysterious Word prepare to determine the fate of the Earth Elemental. By Mark Millar, Phillip Hester and Kim DeMulder.

THE BOOKS OF MAGIC #6

In part 1 of the 3-part "Sacrifices," Tim Hunter is too enchanted by his neighbor to realize that she's not exactly human—or that her "father" has sinister plans for Tim. By John Ney Rieber and Peter Gross.

DOOM PATROL #83

Cliff remembers battles and picnics with Crazy Jane, the Bandage Twins recall wild parties with JFK, and Dorothy sighs over a romantic love affair...or maybe not. It's the return of the False Memory. By Rachel Pollack, Jamie Tolagson and Matt Howarth.

THE INVISIBLES #2

Part 1 of the 3-part "Down and Out in Heaven and Hell" kicks off the first INVISIBLES storyline as a crazed beggar initiates Dane into the society. But other members have different agendas for him. By Grant Morrison and Steve Yeowell.

VERTIGO EVENTS NEXT MONTH...

THE VERTIGO RAVE

Work all day, rave all night. For less than a dollar, this sneak preview exploits exclusive events from many of our monthlies, introduces the VERTIGO VOICES, four creator-driven one-shots, and boasts an original 6-page BOOKS OF MAGIC story. Plus: a juicy interview of rare facts or fictions with Grant Morrison, Peter Milligan and Jamie Delano.

SHADOWS FALL

When a loser's shadow is severed, the shadow goes on a killing spree—instigating others to commit suicide. A six-issue horror story with a "Twilight Zone" appeal. Written by John Ney Rieber (BOOKS OF MAGIC) and painted by John Van Fleet (HELLBLAZER).

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